

A SONG OF THE CYCLE.  
This is the toy, beyond Aladdin's dream,  
The magic wheel upon whose hub is  
wound the world's desire,  
All rousers, although they reach the world  
around—  
O'er western plains or Orient deserts  
gleaming!

Simon Peter.  
Simon Peter stood by the new-made  
grave of his wife, Mrs. Simon Peter  
No. 2.

Simon Peter's thin gray locks fell  
dejectedly around his ears; his nose,  
always long and always ruddy, seemed  
to have been lengthened by his grief  
and to have taken on additional rich-  
ness in coloring. His meager form,  
shivering in the raw east wind, seem-  
ed ill fitted to breast the storms of life  
alone, and the good dominie who had  
just pronounced the solemn funeral  
service, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes,"  
felt his heart go out in sympathy to  
this poor, lonely man so broken with  
grief and age, and now about to re-  
turn solitary to his desolate home.

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bravely upward to cover the bald spot  
surrounding his cranium, his hair  
form had lost its dejected droop and  
his toothless mouth was curved like  
an inverted "bow of promise."  
And still the dominie and his wife  
congratulated themselves, as never be-  
fore, on the consolations afforded by  
allegion to the sorely afflicted.

After breakfast and prayers, and be-  
fore taking his departure to his deso-  
lated friend, Simon Peter made his  
way to the kitchen and gallantly offer-  
ed to assist Rosina in some of her  
morning duties. In the course of an  
hour he reappeared in the parlor to  
take his farewell. "Good-by, domi-  
nie," he said. "I'm glad to go. You're  
been awful kind to me, domine, and I  
won't forget it right away. I was  
devil's awful bad yesterday, an' a won-  
derful how under the sun I was goin'  
to get along alone; but it's all right  
now. We shal hev a job for you nex'  
week."

"GOOD-BYE, DOMINIE," HE SAID.  
Tuesday a week, domine. Rosina  
an' me's bin talkin' it over an' we've  
agreed to git tipped. Hope it won't  
discommode you none, here at the  
house. And the erstwhile sorely af-  
flicted friend, Simon Peter, turned in  
a dazed sort of a way to his wife,  
who still stood in petrified amazement, "Martha," said he, "that was a case of  
misplaced sympathy."

A man may have in him the making  
of a first-rate editor, and yet be entirely  
unacquainted with the business side of  
journalism. This commonplace but  
familiar truth is suggested by  
a story printed in the Washington Field-  
finder.

When the new senior girls of a fa-  
mous New England college assumed the  
charge of the college magazine, one of  
them went to the office of the printer  
to give him some instructions. "You  
can set up your type immediately,"  
she said, "as we want the maga-  
zine to appear promptly."  
"Yes, miss," said the printer, a little  
mystified; "but—where is the copy?"  
"The copy? Do you mean the arti-  
cles we are going to print?"  
"Yes, miss."

"Oh," said the editor, "you needn't  
worry for them. Some of them are not  
written yet. I will let you have them  
as soon as I can, of course; but in the  
meantime you can get setting up the  
type, can't you? I thought you could  
get so much done ahead." The printer  
entered into some explanations, and  
finally made it plain to the new editor  
that the type could not be set up till the  
copy had been handed in.

A Buzard Strangely Trapped.  
During the severely cold weather in  
January last just Tip Buzard, a notori-  
ous robber, went out alone one night  
to make a raid on the First National  
bank of Fort Benton, Mont. His plan  
was to enter through a window at the  
rear of the building, to make his way  
through the room and offices back, finally  
working his way to the vault. An iron  
grating protected this window. The  
night was intensely cold, and the  
streets were like glass, a heavy snow  
two weeks previous having melted and  
it fell and then frozen smooth and  
hard. When Tip was fitting the first  
bar of the grating his foot slipped,  
throwing him forward violently against  
the window. As luck would have it,  
the fall jerked his mouth open, forcing  
his tongue between his lips, fairly freez-  
ing it to the iron bar. All efforts  
to release himself were in vain, as  
nothing short of pulling his tongue out  
by the roots would have effected this.  
A watchman making his rounds found  
him a half hour later almost dead with  
cold.

Tip is alive and safely housed in jail  
now; but his tongue will never wag  
again. It is completely and hopelessly  
paralyzed.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.  
A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE  
BOYS AND GIRLS.  
Something that Will Interest the Ju-  
venile Members of Every Household—  
Quaint Anecdotes and Bright Sayings  
of Many Cute and Cuddling Children.

The Turtle and the Snail.  
"It is much to be regretted,"  
Said the turtle to the snail,  
"That as rapid-transit creatures  
We so signally must fail."  
"But yet we should be thankful  
That Nature still allows us  
To carry on our weary backs  
The wretched load to house us."

As It Struck Him.  
Little John saw a small tug engaged  
towing a large ship, and heard the  
bug whistle loudly.  
"O papa!" he exclaimed. "The big  
boat got the little one by the tail, and  
it's squealing!"

Tit for Tat.  
"Hallo, little girl, will you tell me the  
news."  
"For I haven't had time to examine the  
papers, and I'm anxious to know how a tiny mit-  
view."  
The ubiquitous blot of political capers.  
"Has anything happened that's funny or  
queer?"  
"Do you favor the party they claim is  
elected?"  
"Are the words of the editor, think you,  
sincere?"  
"Has the weather come around as the  
bureau expected?"

"Is it true Lobengula, the King's really  
dead?"  
"Have the rogues of the 'Laf' turned at  
last in contrition?"  
"Do you not fear you must stand on  
your head?"  
"O, yes, I will tell you the news," she ex-  
claimed.  
"And this from the paper inverted she re-  
ad:"  
"The wicked old sparrow,  
With his bow an arrow,  
Has shot that poor little Cock Robin  
dead."

"An' on," she continued, "the awfulest  
has happened; you never could guess,  
if you'd try."  
"Poor little Jack Horner  
Is sat in a corner,  
An' there wasn't a plum to be found" in the  
pie.

"An' dis is the reason poor doggie got  
none:  
Old Towser," she read, "was the victim  
of the—"  
"The what?"  
"The what? Marvyn Hubbard  
She went to the cupboard,  
An' she eat an' eat, 'til 'nuffin' was  
left."

"An' little Boy Blue went wif Little  
Boopie  
To see the old lady that lived in a shoe,  
Wif Little Miss Nettie  
In her white petticoat,  
An' the longer she stood, why, the shorter  
she grew."

Boils.  
It is often difficult to convince peo-  
ple their blood is impure, until dread-  
ful carbuncles, abscesses, boils, scrofu-  
la or salt rheum, are painful proof of  
the fact. It is wisdom now, or when-  
ever there is any indication of

Impure  
blood, to take Hood's Sarsaparilla,  
and prevent such eruptions and suffering.  
"I had a dreadful carbuncle abscess,  
red, fiery, sore and sore. The doctor at-  
tended me over seven weeks. When the  
abscess broke, the pain was terrible, and  
I thought I should not live through it. I  
heard and read so much about Hood's  
Sarsaparilla, that I decided to take it, and  
my husband, who was suffering with  
boils, took it also. It soon purified our

Blood  
built me up and restored my health so  
that, although the doctor said I would  
not be able to work hard, I have since  
done the work for 20 people. Hood's Sar-  
saparilla cured my husband of the boils,  
and we regard it a wonderful medicine."  
Miss Anna Farnsworth, Leitch, Kansas.

Hood's  
Sarsaparilla  
Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, St.  
Hood's Pills cure liver, easy to take,  
easy to operate, 50 cents.  
RAM'S HORN BLASTS.  
Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to  
Repentance.

SELFISHNESS is the mother of sin.  
No man stands alone when he is  
right, and no man is  
tempted to resist a foe  
overcome.  
He who can  
laugh at himself  
may laugh at others.  
A harsh word  
to a child may de-  
stroy an angel.  
The right kind  
of a Christian will always do right.

When Nature  
Needs assistance it may be best to render it  
promptly, but one should remember to use  
even the most perfect remedies only when  
needed. The best and most simple and gentle  
remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by  
the California Fig Syrup Company.

WOMEN-MADE ROADS.  
Ten years ago no one dreamed that  
the time would ever come when women  
would be directly interested concerning  
the condition of the public thorough-  
fares. But the bicycle which is respon-  
sible for the general stirring up of old  
conclusions has really set them to  
thinking on this very topic. And when  
a woman thinks she's very likely to  
ride, she'll see that the women's mo-  
mentary impulse will often result in  
more real progress than accomplished  
than will a three days' convention of  
wise old professors whose excessive  
prudence is a positive prohibition to  
progress.

When buying  
sarsaparilla...  
ASK FOR THE BEST AND YOU'LL  
GET AYER'S:  
ASK FOR AYER'S AND YOU'LL GET  
THE BEST.  
The remedy with a record:  
...50 years of cures.

PARROT RIDES A WHEEL.  
A New-Yorker named J. J. Walsh has  
a parrot named "Don Caesar," a green  
and red bird of South American birth,  
which goes bicycle riding every day  
with Mr. Walsh. "Don" is a familiar  
sight along the boulevards, and, accord-  
ing to his owner, becomes speechless  
with rage at the sight of a woman in  
bloomers. He sets up a fierce, hoarse  
shriek, which he keeps up for several  
minutes, at the end of which he is in  
danger of falling off the handle-bars.

HER HAPPY DAY.  
A CHARMING STORY OF MEDICINE  
AND MARRIAGE.  
Two Open Letters From a Chicago Girl  
—How Happiness Came to Her.

Among the tens of thousands of  
women who apply to Mrs. Pinkham for  
advice and are cured, are many who  
Occasionally their cases made  
public, but do not  
publish their  
names for reasons  
as obvious as in  
the following:  
Our doctor (my uncle) tells me that I am  
in consumption, and wants to take me  
to Florida. Please help me! Tell me what to  
do to stop this cough. I am engaged to be  
married in September. Shall I live to see  
the day? ...  
LUCY E. W.

My dear Mrs. Pinkham—  
This is a happy day. I am well and gain-  
ing weight daily, but shall continue the treat-  
ment and Vegetable Compound until I feel  
as you suggest. I can't know anything about  
what you have done for me, because it would  
make things very unpleasant in the family. I  
would like to give you a testimonial to publish,  
but father would not allow it. ...  
I shall be married in September. How can I  
prove my gratitude? ...  
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TRAMP WAS MILKING THE COW.  
"Engineer's Tale Illustrating the Cow-  
chance of the American Hobo."  
"It was away back in the '70s," said  
an old engineer. "I was pulling 'the  
limited' east from Council Bluffs to  
Chicago over the Rock Island. The  
night was bitter cold. We had gone  
about twenty miles out and had stopped  
at a night office for orders, and had  
started up again, when the fireman  
reached over and said:  
"There is a hobo on the pilot; saw  
him get on at the depot."  
"Sure?" I said. "Go on up the run-  
ning board, and see if he's there yet."  
"The fireman did as he had been or-  
dered to do and returned with the in-  
formation that the hobo was still there."  
"Well," said I, "it's a bitter cold night,  
and if he can stand it out there I am  
willing he should ride with me."  
"And on we went to Chicago, with  
old '21' barking like sixty at the  
low joints ahead, and forgetful of our  
'head-end' passenger on the pilot, who  
had ceased to have any existence for  
us."  
"By and by the faint glimmering  
of the headlights, as I thought, saw  
what seemed to be a bunch of cattle  
on the track. As we approached it the  
bunch seemed to grow larger. It now  
was too late to do anything, so I just  
pulled her wide open, and old '21 hit  
that bunch of cattle as he went. To para-  
phrase the language of Tompkins, who  
glided into raptures of admiration over  
the charge of the light brigade at  
Balaclava, there was just simply cat-  
tle to the right of us, cattle to the left  
of us and cattle in the rear of us, but  
none any more in front of us. After it  
was all over our thoughts reverted to  
the hobo on the pilot.  
"Go out and see if he is still there," I  
said.  
"Well," said an old shack, under  
whose feet the frosts of many winters  
had cracked, as he wended his way in  
the dark over many a long train of box  
cars and who had been listening to the  
story, "Well," said he, "was he killed?"  
"No," replied the engineer. "There  
he sat as large as any hobo could sit on  
the pilot with an oyster can milking  
one of those durned cows."  
And the old man went on his way,  
venturing something as he left about  
the life of the average American hobo  
being on a par with the proverbial nine  
lives of the feline we have all heard so  
often about.—Dallas News.

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"No Foolin'."  
ST. JACOBS OIL DOES NOT "FOOL ROUND."  
IT GOES STRAIGHT TO  
WORK ON PAIN AND DRIVES IT OUT AND "SHUTS  
IT OFF" FROM RETURNING. THAT'S BUSINESS.

When the French squadron was for a  
time anchored in Boston Harbor, in  
the year previous to the revolution, the  
foreigners were looked upon with un-  
bounded curiosity by the Boston peo-  
ple. It was incredible to them that  
persons who were popularly supposed  
to subsist mainly on frogs should be  
so plump and well-favored. That they  
did so subsist was fully believed, how-  
ever, and according to a rumor, which  
was also generally believed, they had  
been discovered hunting for their fa-  
vorite food in the frog pond on the  
Common.

With this last notion in his head, we  
are told, Mr. Nathaniel Tracy, who  
lived in a beautiful villa at Cambridge  
—the house which was afterward  
Washington's headquarters, and later  
still was occupied by Mr. Longfellow—  
made a great feast for the Admiral and  
his officers.

Everything that could be had in the  
country was furnished to ornament  
and give variety to the entertainment.  
Two large tarsons of song were placed  
at the ends of the table. The Admiral  
sat on the right of Mr. Tracy, and Mon-  
sieur De l'Etombe on the left. L'Etombe  
was consul of France resident at Bos-  
ton.

Mr. Tracy filled a plate with soup,  
which went to the Admiral, and the  
next plate was handed to the Consul.  
The first time that L'Etombe put his  
spoon into the plate, he shivered up  
a large frog, just as green and perfect  
as if it had hopped from the pond into  
the tureen.

Not knowing at first what it was,  
he seized it by one of its hind legs, and  
holding it up in view of the whole  
company, discovered that it was a full-  
grown frog.

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Arctic Geese and English Swans.  
Wild geese can be found nowhere so  
abundant as in the Arctic Ocean, and  
the inhabitants of Kolgner and other  
islands are largely dependent on them  
for food. The largest goose-driven ever  
recorded took place last year, when  
at the first catch of the season the in-  
habitants of Kolgner succeeded in driv-  
ing 3,325 birds into the nets. The na-  
tives take advantage of the moulting  
season, when the geese are not very  
strong on the wing, to make the drive,  
and so capture them. English swans  
are still to be found on the Thames,  
but in very small numbers compared  
with three and a half centuries ago,  
when Paulus Jovius declared that he  
never saw a river so thickly covered  
with swans as the Thames. On other  
English rivers they were equally, if  
not more numerous, for when John  
Taylor, the Water-Poet, rowed up the  
Avon to Salisbury, he was amazed at  
the swarm of birds on that stream.

As I passed up the Avon," he says,  
"at the least 2,000 swans. Like so many  
plum swam in the deepest parts and  
showed me the way."

Cataract and Colds Believed to be 20 to 30  
Miles.  
One short puff of the breath through the  
Blower, supplied with extra heat, will  
cure a Catarrh of the Throat, relieve the  
Painful and Inflammatory Swelling of  
the Throat, and permanently cure Catarrh,  
Croup, Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat,  
Stiffness and Swelling. If your draught has  
it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

Religion should do the most where it  
is needed the most.  
They are now agitating the question  
of teaching meteorology in the col-  
leges.

ADVERTISING  
B. L. CRANS, Ridgewood, N. Y.

WHAT IS ALABASTINE?  
A pure, permanent and artistic wall coating  
ready for sale by mixing with cold water.  
FOR SALE BY PAINT DEALERS EVERYWHERE,  
FREE. Also Alabastine Saver-Rock paper free  
on application. Write for color and price list.  
ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.  
If you want thoroughbred Family Stock and  
meat for your table, buy eggs from  
E. C. K. BROWN, 1212 Broadway, New York.  
Loomis & Nyman, Timm, Ohio.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!  
MRS. WINSLOW'S  
SOOTHING SYRUP  
RUPTURE  
OPPIUM

Real Cocoa  
The test of 115 years proves  
the purity of Walter Baker &  
Co.'s Cocoa and Chocolate.  
WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, Dorchester, Mass.